Les Inséparables

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Les Inséparables

by Calylypso

Summary

The seas are quiet and Naija found her peace by Li's side after the final confrontation. Under the sun of the Veil, the lovers search for the memories buried in sand.

This camp we are working on — although rudimentary — will change my daily life completely, and this, for the better. Both Naija and I stayed under the waves and in the ocean's obscurity for too long. After years, she finally escaped her gray cave in which jellyfish were swimming round and round, as in an attempt to hypnotize her. Just like she did, I had to do it too. But my own journey starts here, with her. Why ? Because she took her decision to travel the waters of this kingdom and in her way, she found me. I found what I had been seeking and the world seems to finally open before my eyes. I never realized how suffocating my own cave was, it is not the way someone from above the seas should live. This tiny island will be perfect for us to start working.

Earlier in the day, we ventured into the currents and tunnels below the Veil to retrieve this old submarine, this little mechanical marvel I lost years ago during one of the explorations that almost cost my life. I thought this one, thanks to its unusual fish-like appearance, could allow me to avoid being attacked…How could I forget about the great white shark's awful temperament ? Caught behind the currents, I wouldn't have been able to find it again if it was not for Naija's assistance. It was not an easy task to bring the stuff up here on the sand, the echo of the metal against the rock walls made my heart ache.

With a sigh I straighten up, scratch my back covered in sand and reach out to touch the machine. Its surface is hot as the sun, I withdraw my fingers as fast as I can. We should probably move it under the trees, how can we do anything in such heat ? The bottom of the vehicle is more than scratched due to the moving but we couldn't do better, I'm not courageous enough to grab one of my spare metal plates to replace what was damaged. The blazing materials would be able to cook these parrots in the palm trees just right if they dare to dirty the submarine. Arms crossed on my chest, I hear a splashing on my right. A smile brightens my mood as I see short silver strands of hair breaking the water's surface.

"Li…Are you still working on it ?"

No bird could bring a more beautiful song to my ears. Naija lifted herself out of the salty waters, soon helped by my hand. Once seated on the sand she opens her palm.

"I found some components deeper…This is not exactly what we were searching for, but it will still prove useful in the future."

Crouching next to her I nod energetically. “You didn't have to, but I'm grateful for that. Please, be careful !”

Silently, she brings a gentle hand to her belly. “You worry too much, Li.”

I don't remember much of my childhood with other people from Terra but I know that what Naija is going through is tiresome in ways I couldn't comprehend.

“Anyway…Let's get under the tent before we dry up in the sun, we're not lizards !” She says, smiling playfully.

When we went back on the surface after the fights, I had to learn how to walk again. My own good old Terra felt unfamiliar. As for Naija… That's a different story. With a hand on my shoulder, she attempts to raise herself above me. Only the legs can hardly follow, despite their strength. And, like so many other times, she staggers. My outstretched arms catch her and the fall turns into a soft descent until my back hits the sand once again. With her chin in the crook of my neck, she mumbles an apology. I don't hear it, I just gaze at the dark abyss of her eyes once she lifts her head. Her skin, still wet and salty after her dive, sticks to mine and my half undone wetsuit.

“No boo-boos ?”

at my wording she bursts out laughing. “No…No boo-boos.”

Following the pace of the slow waves, we try to stand up. “Don't rush, I'll accompany you.”

Our things are quite scattered over the camp, but...It's not like anyone's going to come rummaging around and stealing anyway. If the weather is too hot for repairs, let's at least check the inventory. Everything here once belonged to someone I knew and then — when I was the only one remaining on land — it fell upon my hands. The faces of the past are too blurry. When we finally find ourselves in the shade, the sand is so cold it feels humid.

“Here. We should have a look at these documents…Some of them seem to be pretty old.” Naija says, first going through sheets of paper on which are written traditional recipes from Terra.

Curious to delve back into my own affairs, I get my hands on a logbook whose cover is wrinkled by humidity. Inside, the pages are damaged and the ink almost erased. I sit up and my hand fumbles a

little on the wooden surface of the table, where my reading glasses are. Catching the crooked arm of my glasses, I slide them onto the top of my nose — this is a vision that never ceases to surprise Naija who is glancing at me, after all I never wore them underwater…It would be too much of a hassle. The shapes of the letters I wrote in the past are more telling than the words they are attempting to construct here. Vivid memories surges, like waves of icy waters.

I was alone at sea that day. A day like this. And that's when I saw you, Naija.

“What is it ?” I ask. The way her eyes hold mine suddenly worries me, my vision is blurry.

“You're crying…Did you come across anything sad ?” She places the old plans she was consulting on the sand. I remember these drawings, machines such as the one that occupied us this morning.

"Sad ?" With the back of my hand, I wipe away the tear that slowly slides down my skin. “No ! It's the opposite !”

"Is that so...?" Naija sidles up to me and leans over the notebook. With the warm sunlights, the jade of her skin gleams, adorned by dried salt.

“Ah…I don't know why I feel a little bit shy about it. Actually, I wrote this one entry on the day I first met you. We were so young…”

“Oh ? Can you read it to me ?”

“Hm…Wait.” I clear my throat and let my eyes wander on the pages. This writing is so painfully childish, she will definitely laugh at me ! “So…Maybe we should only reminisce about it ?”

“Li.” Her chin finds a rest above my right shoulder, her cold body brings relief to my skin burned by the sun. “I want to hear your voice. Your words from the past, it's important to me.”

“You're teasing me Naija…?” I ask her, pouting. Tenderly, her hand goes from my right arm to my covered thigh. My heart is already warm enough like that…

“Come on, you weren't that shy when—”

With a cry, a parrot beats its wings in the wind. It was perched on the small bookcase half-sunk in the sand, a few steps behind us. We both look above to the dull colored curtain that serves as our roof before

seeing eye to eye. Their darkness soothes my heart.

“Alrighty then !” Flustered, I turn to the right page to begin the story at.

“See, there's nothing embarrassing in sharing that, I would be happy to meet the old you again !” With her characteristic giggle she prepares herself to listen.

First love. Dreams of youth. Innocence of two adventurous souls… Maybe some things remained the same after that many years. Maybe the sun will keep burning and the light will reach the heart of Aquaria. And here, the three of us will be able to live without fearing destructive waves or vengeful skies.

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